UNCLE SAM'S FARMERS.

ALL ABOUT THE AGRICULTURAL BUREAU AT WASHINGTON.

Pretty Seed Senders and Bag Makers—A Millionaire as a Doorkeeper—The Silk Department—Mr. Coleman the Head of the Bureau.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, July 26.

THE question has been agitated during the past session of congress as to whether the head of the agricultural department should have a place in the cabinet, and quite a deal of lobbying has been done on the subject. The agricultural department is the latest bureau of the government. The farmers of the United States were first recognized by a division of the patent office being devoted to agriculture in 1847. The department proper was organized in 1862, and it now has a building of its own and has become one of the great government establishments. It publishes a million of agricultural reports every year, and it sends out as many seeds as there are sands on the seashore.

These agricultural reports form a very important part of the congressional campaign. Statesmen try to buy farmers' votes with them, and there are more of them used for propping up the ends of broken legged lounges than for reading purposes. Many of them are used in other ways, and not long ago the department received a letter from a farmer in central New York, asking for an agricultural report. He specified no year nor date; he merely wanted a report and he wanted it bad. Commissioner Coleman wrote back asking him as to the date of the report he wished. He replied by return mail, "He didn't care a darn about the date—he wanted it for a scrap book."

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Still the department is doing great good, and its statistics are valuable. There are sixty persons employed in the statistical division alone, and it takes from 8,000 to 10,000 persons in different parts of the country to collect the data used.

The agricultural department building is located in the great mall between the treasury and the Capitol. It is sandwiched between the bureau of engraving and printing, where the greenbacks are made, and the Smithsonian institution, where the bones of birds and beasts of past ages are kept. It has as fine floral gardens about it as you will find about the palaces of a king. It raises thousands of flowers for congressmen and the White House, and in its greenhouses are produced every year the finest of winter grapes, which one of the understrappers confidentially told me are sent off by the box to congressmen's families.

SEED PACKERS AND BAG MAKERS.

The congressmen have, in fact, many things from this department that should go to their constituents, and they ought to give each of their farmer friends a full supply of seeds. They have an allowance of both garden and flower seeds, samples of different kinds of wheat and potatoes, and seeds are bought for this purpose by the ton. If the people do not get them it is the fault of the congressmen. It is not true that a large part of the seeds sent out are boiled beforehand to prevent their coming up. They are, in fact, the costliest that the market can furnish, and Uncle Sam buys them for distribution.

Each congressman has 5,000 packages to send out through his district every year, and I hope that every farmer who reads this letter, whether he be Democrat or Republican, will write to his congressman and demand his quota. The congressman has the seeds and ought to furnish them. If his supply runs out he can easily get more from his city congressional friends, and I beg of my readers not to forget to ask for flower seeds, grass seeds, as well as for potatoes and vegetables and grape cuttings. You pay in taxes over $600,000 a year to buy these seeds, and there is no reason why you should not get them.

There are large rooms at the department devoted to packing and sending them away, and I give you a sketch of a corner of a room where the seed packers and bag makers work. The bags in which the seed are put up are nearly all made here, and I got a good sitting of a very plain girl in a paper cap who was pasting the bags together. All of the girls at the agricultural department are not plain, however, and there are scores of pretty maidens putting up these seeds and potatoes which you will soon receive from your member of congress.

The seed department was formerly kept in the basement. Its rooms look like those of a big flouring mill or warehouse, and, in the busy time, they are piled full of two bushel bags filled with various kinds of seeds. The vegetable seeds are put up in pint or quart packages, and flour seeds in small paper envelopes. Millions of seed packages are sent out every year, and when Mr. Loring left the department he had at least a ton of red beet seed on hand.

The museum of the agricultural department is worth a visit, and I saw a tall young man in a derby hat gazing wistfully on the painted fruit within its glass cases today. This museum comprises a space covered by a good sized city house. It is filled with fruit and vegetables made of plaster of Paris. A sculptor who lived ages ago is said to have chiseled out of marble a cow which was such an exact representation that it deceived a living calf. These fruits would deceive the nurserymen of the country, and they look as if they had just been plucked from the trees or vines. Here is case after case of strawberries, watermelons, peaches and pumpkins, together with all kinds of nuts, grasses and woods. The various kinds of farm products are shown, and there are bugs of every description, from the Kansas grasshopper to the flea.

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I walked through the department with Doorkeeper Arnot, and Arnot is one of the rarest birds in the government aviary. As straight as a Lake Superior oak, he looks like the old time gentleman of the stage, and he struts about as though he owned the earth, and might order the water moved off of it at any time.

Let me tell you how he looks.

His coat is a blue swallow tail, with big brass buttons, almost as large around as a $20 gold piece. He has black pumps with large buckles over the instep. His pantaloons are black, and his well ironed vest is of buff linen. Out of it shows a fine ruffled shirt, and upon his nose rests a pair of gold spectacles. His hair is as white as frosted silver, and he is dignity personified. He is very cordial, however, as a guide, and as you walk along with him he will tell you his history. It is an interesting story, for he has been a millionaire, and now has nothing but his salary. He has not lost, however, his self respect with his money, and he is probably as happy as he was in those days when he rolled in gold.

DOORKEEPER ARNOT.

It was with this man that I visited the room where the fruit painter works. I doubt whether there is another such artist in the United States. He is a thin, cadaverous looking man, with a big nose, and he works away, day after day, painting fruit from the original. He does his work in water colors, and the apple or peach he is painting lies before him as he works. His colors effect [illegible], and his pictures look almost good enough to eat.

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One of the most interesting divisions of the agricultural department is that devoted to silk culture. Here the whole process of silk manufacture, from the cocoons to the thread, can be seen. On shelves about the room the worms lie, eating mulberry leaves. Here they turn themselves into cocoons, and when the cocoons are ready for use they are here baked to kill the worms inside of them. They are next boiled to loosen the thread, and there is a very pretty girl here who keeps stirring up these boiled cocoons and raising them out of the water and pulling off the thread. The silk unwinds as from a spool, and there are sometimes, I am told, a hundred yards in a single cocoon.

BOILING COCOONS IN THE SILK DEPARTMENT.

Commissioner Coleman, in his last report, says that our American girls can do this work better than foreigners, and that they can turn out twice as much work in a given time as the same number of girls employed in the south of France.

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Speaking of Mr. Coleman, the head of the bureau, he is a practical farmer, and he makes a very fair chief. He is a straight, tightly made, rosy faced, bright eyed man, with iron gray hair standing straight up from his forehead and combed as though his scalp was one gigantic cowlick. He is the editor and proprietor of an agricultural journal in Missouri, and is a scientific and practical farmer. When he came into the department there was a balance of just $35, and he has done remarkably well.

THE FRUIT ARTIST.

There are several different divisions in the agricultural department, and the entomological division was organized about ten years ago. The head of this division is Professor Riley, one of the best men of his kind in the country. It is his business to study the character of all insects injurious to crops and the remedies for them. He also devotes a part of his bureau to the consideration of bee culture, and it is also under him that the silk worms unconsciously work on toward their boiling and baking. This part of the bureau had plenty of work during the raid of the Kansas grasshopper, and those employed there study every new insect that comes up.

HENRY STEPHENS.

MARY JANE'S LETTER.

How Congressmen Play Poker—Some Other Gossip.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, July 26.—One afternoon during the recent pleasant weather, after the senate had adjourned for the day, I was coming up Pennsylvania avenue on foot with a gentleman who knows everybody and everything, when two western senators, one from the east and one from the south passed us in a carriage. The quartette was divided politically, and they were laughing and talking like a party of excursionists just arrived with a pot of red paint and money to spread it on with.

"There's brotherly love for you," said I, "and I like to see it. I presume, as they are off early and the day is fine, they are going up the river road on a drive for country air."

"Yes, you've guessed it exactly," he said with a grin, "only you haven't. They are going up town to a certain room to play poker. They do it every afternoon and they have great fun; I've been with them."

"United States senators playing poker every afternoon?" said I, horrified.

"Well, no, not every afternoon," he said hesitatingly; "I'll modify that statement a little; they don't play on Sunday—that is, not every Sunday."

There was not much consolation in that, and I walked along quite bereft of speech, not so much that senators played poker, for poker happens in the best regulated families here, but that they played in the daytime and drove to the field in a carriage instead of waiting till dark and slipping in through the alley and the back door.

When I told Dickey of this little episode she said: "I wonder when women get to be senators how long it will take them to learn to put in their spare time in such fashion."

"Just as soon as they get to be senators," said I, for misfortunes never come singly.

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Stories are still flying about Amelie Rives Chanler—who, by the way, I understand, has promised the bishop of Virginia not to write any more for publication until the expiration of three years—and her emotional paroxysm, "The Quick or the Dead?" and the latest is on the wife of a certain southern senator who has a daughter or two. The lady is not an extremely profound woman in any branch of learning, and she is less so in literary matters than in most others of the everyday sort. She had heard of the Virginia authoress, and shortly after the story appeared she picked up a copy of Lippincott's and took it home.

"There," she said to the daughter, "there is a book written by a southern woman. If you must read, read something that is written by one of our own people, and not by some of those Massachusetts Yankees."

The daughter took the book obediently, and laid it away to read at her first leisure. A few days later the mother heard the story very thoroughly discussed by a party of ladies, and started for home on a run.

"Daughter," she said excitedly, "have you read that book I gave you the other day?"

"No, mamma," replied the daughter, with some trepidation, owing to her dereliction of duty.

"Well, give it to me right away! I wouldn't have you read it for the world. It's an awful thing, and no young girl should read it. I'll destroy the vile thing."

Of course, she was compelled to obey, and she gave up the story, notwithstanding it was the work of a young southern woman. But before the next day's sun had set she had read another copy and was passing on its merits and demerits with a calmness and coldness which could have challenged the admiration of a Bostonian.

Col. Nick Bell, the "charming and accomplished" superintendent of foreign mails, a mariner without a gray hair, and still not a boy, twenty years ago was out in the Idaho mining regions selling goods over the counter and getting his mail about once a month, if the weather was good and the Indians polite. Flour was worth a dollar a pound and other things in proportion, and business was rushing, but young Bell was only a clerk and his salary was not making him rich very rapidly with board at $100 a month. One day a miner came in and offered Bell a claim for a fifty pound sack of flour. The clerk's possessions were not quite that extensive, but he prevailed upon his employer to lend him a sack, which he at once transferred to the miner, accepting in lieu thereof the claim. Then he raised a little money on it, went to work digging and shoveling and plowing out the ground and searching [illegible] what he was looking for and in a day or so he was offered $85,000 for his sack of flour. But he saw visions in the ground and refused to sell. For a while he took out the silver quartz in quantities. Then, suddenly, the vein dropped away to almost nothing, as veins do, and his visions began to go over to the wrong side of his profit and loss account. Finally he sold out for $15,000, and glad of it, and a new man took hold. It was all risk, like a lottery ticket; but some men are born lucky, and Bell hadn't long to wait until he saw that vein widen as it went deeper, and finally to see his sack of flour sold for half a million of dollars, and all he got was the cold comfort of knowing that it was all his, only he didn't hold on long enough. He isn't worth half a million today, but he is an excellent officer, a popular fellow, and has plenty to live on.

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Some "society folks" are still in town. I met a lady just after the last hot spell.

"Ah, still in town!" said I banteringly.

"Oh, yes," she replied; "and since the weather has modified I would as soon be here as anywhere."

I hurried on, wondering what "modified" did mean anyway.

MARY JANE.

Estates Held in Trust.

The value of estates held in trust by trust and other companies and associations is very large, indeed. There are individual trustees in Boston who manage property for heirs and others to the amount of very many millions. It is related of one of the most prominent of these that, at a public hearing held at the state house not a year ago, on examination as to the nature of his business by an over inquisitive young lawyer, he acknowledged to holding trust property to an amount of $100,000,000 and over.—Boston Herald.

A Boy's Growth.

Frank was asked what "boy" meant, and replied that it was what he called people who wore suits. He was asked whether he grew by his head or his legs, and replied that his waist grew up and left room for his legs to grow longer.—Youth's Companion.

HOW THE WOMEN DRESS.

DREAMS IN SILK AND SURAH, RIBBONS AND FLUMMERY.

One Experience with a Modiste—Miss Louise Griswold's Costume—Miss Ada Rehan's and Mrs. Twombley's Costumes. Beauties at Newport.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, July 26.—Would you know some of the names applied to handsome new dresses? They are not called darlings, ducks, nor yet "tomato sauce," but the modistes and owners agree in calling them pleasant words, such as "gorgeous," "heavenly" and "divine." One lady lifts her hands in genuine admiration while the dressmaker points to a mass of silk, velvet, ribbon and flummery, and says: "It is a perfect dream." So it is; a nightmare.

TWO PRETTY NEGLIGEES.

"Just look and catch the artistic effect from this standpoint. Isn't it exquisite? And only $400!" This last is added in a pained undertone, as if it was a cruel truth which conscience forced the lady of many pins and needles to utter in spite of herself, and in spite of the superlative beauty of the gown, which ought by good rights to cost a half a million.

I had a dress made once by a "swell" dressmaker, and I let her have her own way about all things except one. I set my face against bustles. When the dress was done I was told that I must try it on, for she never allowed a dress to go out of her establishment unless it had a final overlooking. The skirt of it felt like a barrel with broken hoops, very stiff and uncomfortable all around the front, but there seemed to be nothing at all in the back but some straps. I asked if any part of the dress had been overlooked, but was told that it was all there. Then some hard substance began to prod me, and I put my hand to the places and found that there were three long steel things bent in a half circle, and they were to hold the dress a yard out in the back, getting their purchase by digging deep into my flesh. I rather objected, and the dressmaker said, with an aggrieved air:

"You said you didn't want a bustle."

"Oh, all right," I answered, intending to pull out those steels as soon as I got home. Then I braced myself for an effort, for I saw the waist coming. I am a comfortable twenty-six inches around the waist, and it isn't a long one, and the corsage they brought was not over twenty-two, and the waist was as long as it could be made and go on at all. They took up a couple of reefs in my corset and somehow worked me into it and got it buttoned without a button hook, and I felt as if in an iron torturing machine, for there were stiff whalebones at every seam. The sleeves fitted my arms too much; I couldn't bend them, and I gasped for breath and got red in the face, but I bore it bravely when my attention was called to the beautiful fit and the graceful waist I had, when I couldn't bend to save my life, and I agreed to all they said, and at last reached home alive. That dress hangs in my wardrobe wrapped in a sheet. I never had it on but once since, and then I had my photograph taken in it, and I looked as happy as one of the early martyrs that they grilled alive. Since then I make my own dresses entirely or go without, but I am the best of friends with madame, who shows me all the very newest styles.

MISS LOUISE GRISWOLD'S PLAID SURAH SUIT.

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I received a dainty pink letter from her yesterday inviting me to come up and see some "superb confections" (and that is another note of admiration, by the way). They were just off the steamer, and through the hands of those wretches and fiends the custom house inspectors, and I was to be allowed the pleasure, the delight of a first view of these "divine productions."

I should state that "madame," who isn't married in the first place, and isn't French in the second, imports the most of her customers' robes, and the rest she "executes" herself. The reason why she, instead of the ladies who buy the dresses of her, imports them, is because she pays cash, and they run up bills with her, and she is not at all like the Dutch grocer, who charged his cash customers the most, so that if his credit ones didn't pay he wouldn't lose so much. Madame spares her cash customers and tacks the price on the credit dresses. But, then, dear me, they all do it, and her customers all have rich husbands. A woman who has the good fortune to buy of madame must bring references as to strict respectability, or she can't even buy for cash in that establishment.

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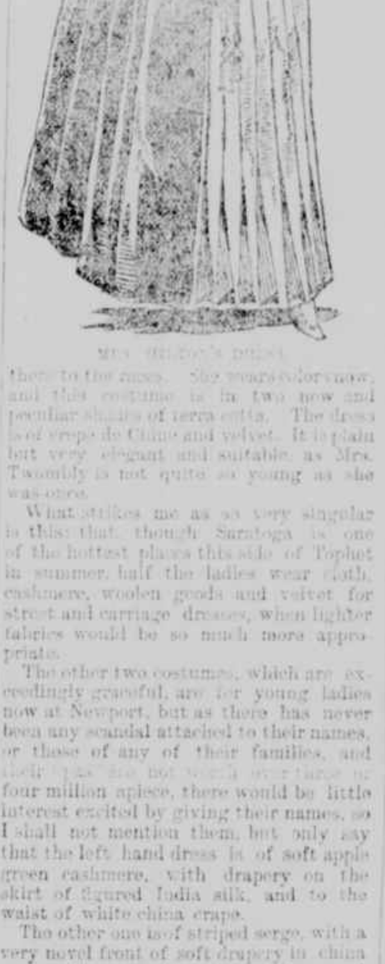
This is a long prologue, but it was in a measure necessary as a proof that the lovely and stylish late summer and fall gowns I present are the very newest out, and it may be remarked that they are very handsome and elegant, though in general quite simple in make. These dresses have been imported for leaders in New York and western society, and several of them will be worn in Saratoga and Newport during the present season.

The first one is for Miss Louise Griswold, sister to Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, who writes for The Century, and who is famous as the authoress of several successful books. This gown is of plaid surah, dark blue and terra cotta, with a bronze green stripe through the plaids, and with a portiche vest front of bronze green cloth braided in terra cotta. All the plaid is cut bias. Miss Griswold is one of the young ladies who took part in the tableau of Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women," which was such a great success, a winter or so ago. She is of the old Schuyler family, which is intermarried with the Griswolds and Van Rensselaers, and all are of old colonial stock, and they haven't degenerated.

Three handsome costumes just imported are to be shipped to Saratoga, one for the daughter-in-law of Judge Hilton, of Stewart will fame; the dress for her is of brown ladies' cloth in three shades of brown, simply made, yet a very pleasing costume. The pretty India silk and lace dress belongs to Ada Rehan, the charming actress, and its exceeding modesty counterbalances some of the dresses she has had to wear on the stage. Mrs. Twombly, one of the daughters of the late William H. Vanderbilt, always goes to Saratoga in the season, and this dress is to be worn there to the races. She wears colors now, and this costume is in two new and peculiar shades of terra cotta. The dress is of crepe de Chine and velvet. It is plain but very elegant and suitable, as Mrs. Twombly is not quite so young as she was once.



MRS. HILTON'S DRESS.

What strikes me as so very singular is this: that, though Saratoga is one of the hottest places this side of Tophet in summer, half the ladies wear cloth, cashmere, woolen goods and velvet for street and carriage dresses, when lighter fabrics would be so much more appropriate.

The other two costumes, which are exceedingly graceful, are for young ladies now at Newport, but as there has never been any scandal attached to their names, or those of any of their families, and their [illegible] are not worth over three or four million apiece, there would be little interest excited by giving their names, so I shall not mention them, but only say that the left hand dress is of soft apple green cashmere, with drapery on the skirt of figured India silk, and to the waist of white china crape.

The other one is of striped serge, with a very novel front of soft drapery in china crape. The prevailing colors are fawn and drab, with narrow red and blue stripes, and with silver braidings and ornamentation.

Silver and gold braid is to be used very largely on all fall garments, to the partial displacement of so much beading and passementerie, and braided skirts and panels will be very fashionable. Ladies who have leisure during the summer could be braiding or embroidering panels for their fall dresses. It is a good plan to be doing something useful, otherwise they might get into mischief. Our mothers tell us that while we are young, and I don't see why it would not hold good when we get old.

MISS ADA REHAN'S AND MRS. TWOMBLY'S DRESSES.

OLIVE HARPER.

It is estimated that the total number of books in all the American public libraries is 21,000,000.

THE SOCIAL CHRISTIANS.

Plans and Work of a Rapidly Growing Organization.

When the author of the "Hoosier Schoolmaster" presented Bud Means and his teacher as organizing "The Church of the Best Licks," it was plain to the reader that the writer was setting forth his own sentiments, and hence it was no surprise to learn soon after that Rev. Edward Eggleston was preaching in Brooklyn to a congregation calling itself the "Church of Christian Endeavor." Its only creed, or requisite of membership, was that one should sincerely and earnestly "endeavor to lead a Christian life." It was only one of many attempts about that time to found a church which should be Christian without a creed, but the realization of that idea came some years later in the form of what is called the "Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor."

REV. F. E. CLARK. S. W. ADRIANCE. DEACON BURNHAM. W. H. PENNELL. C. A. DICKINSON.

In February, 1881, the Rev. F. E. Clark conducted a very successful revival in the Williston Congregational church of Portland, Me., and in devising means to maintain a religious interest among the young, thought out the plan of a society of young people, of what might be called social Christians. It proved a remarkable success. It began in an ordinary "church social," and on the first evening fifty-three young gentlemen and ladies enrolled their names. By degrees a constitution was formed; the organization extended and has just held its seventh annual convention in Chicago. In 1881 the second society was formed, and from that time to the present the membership has increased to 310,000.

The cause of this rapid growth seems to be that the organizers have completely solved that problem which long puzzled so many good people—how to make the social instincts and activities of young people harmonize with the church life and powerful for Christianity. The new movement seems to effect this.

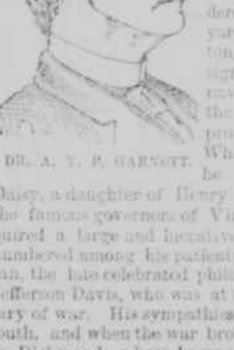
"Father Endeavor" Clark, as he is jocularly called, his initials being F. E., is a genial young man of 36, with a clear blue eye and attractive face, born in Canada of Massachusetts parents temporarily residing there. He is a graduate of Dartmouth and of Andover Theological seminary. Since the national constitution of the new society was adopted he has been president. Closely associated with him is Deacon Charles Burnham, the patriarch of the society. "The original constitution," says he, "left us old folks out. Well, I got hold of the boys, read the constitution over to them, and got 'em to rope us in. And the missing link was found, the deacons were admitted, the young and the old were one, and the old became young again."

Mr. Burnham is the oldest member of Phillips' church, Boston. Other workers in the organization are Revs. S. W. Adriance and C. A. Dickinson. These and many more attended the convention held in Chicago during the first week of July, among them Rev. James L. Hill, of Medford; N. Boynton, of Boston; Dr. Wayland Hoyt, of Philadelphia, and Dr. H. A. Stimson, of St. Louis. George M. Wood, of Boston, is the general secretary of the society. "The Golden Rule" is its official organ. The motto is "For Christ and the Church," and the general method of work about as follows: Committees are appointed to care for all. The shy, the bashful, the stranger, these are taken under the wing of the social committee. The lookout committee—the outside conscience of the society—rallies the faltering, encourages the timid, strengthens the weak, and reclaims the wayward and wandering ones back to their fold. There are committees for prayer meeting work, for temperance labor, for Sunday school, for labor among foreign born people in the large cities, and for scores of other objects all tending to the advancement of the great work of the church.

A. Y. P. GARNETT, M. D.

Death of a Doctor Who Was on Intimate Terms with Jefferson Davis.

Dr. Alexander Y. P. Garnett, the famous Washington physician who recently died at Rehoboth Beach, Del., where he had gone in the hope of recovering his shattered health, was born in Essex county, Va., Sept. 19, 1820. He was graduated from the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania in 1841. He secured an appointment as assistant surgeon in the navy, and for five years cruised all over the Pacific ocean. He was ordered to the navy yard at Washington, but soon resigned from the navy and began the practice of his profession there.



DR. A. Y. P. GARNETT.

While in the navy he married Miss Daisy, a daughter of Henry A. Wise, one of the famous governors of Virginia. He acquired a large and lucrative practice, and numbered among his patients W. W. Corcoran, the late celebrated philanthropist, and Jefferson Davis, who was at that time secretary of war. His sympathies were with the south, and when the war broke out he went to Richmond, where he was made surgeon general of the Confederacy, and was the family physician of Mr. Davis.

His property in Washington was confiscated, but he was able to recover a portion of it at the close of the war when he returned to the capital and resumed his practice.

His friendship for Jefferson Davis and his belief in the righteousness of the cause which Davis represented always enlisted his pen and voice in the controversies which arose from time to time in later years. He was a man of strong convictions and never hesitated to express them. Socially he was one of the most agreeable of men. He was a cultivated man, fond of books, and had the respect and esteem of his professional brethren. He was president of the American Medical association last year, and was a frequent contributor to the medical periodicals.